

Smell Counts Seen at Church

WHERE FASHION DISPLAYS ITSELF AT NEWPORT.

Miss Virginia Fair's Stunning Costume at the Last Hop.

Newport, Aug. 2.—The wise woman who wishes to see Newport fashions goes to Trinity Church Sunday morning. When the services are over she slips out promptly and goes over to All Saints' Chapel to see the people come out. This is a frank confession, but in explanation be it remembered that for many generations it has been known publicly that women look at beauties in "meeting," so why not gowns? It takes a little frock sometimes to digest the sermon. Besides, is one to write forever about the other days of the week and neglect the first one?

A tall English girl, of brilliant complexion, was a striking church toilet last Sunday. It was a process frock of a blue almost as deep as the cornflower shade. The skirt was full—so full that I guessed its width at nine yards. It was fluted, but not trimmed. The trim bodice caught the eye at once with its bands of pinky cream ribbon crossing the shoulders and drawn below the hips. Each band was embroidered delicately with cornflowers in outline and edged with jet. Knots of the



On Bailey's Beach.

front of every well-appointed vehicle, was trimmed with scarlet and white ribbons.

Mrs. Elsie Dyer, Jr., was out driving to-day in a piquant costume of white alpaca. The full skirt seemed to be laid in flat plaits all around. The blouse was of some soft blue stuff, fastened at the waist by a rack of blue ribbons. An odd little bolero jacket of the white was cut low all around and turned over in wide flat loops upon the shoulders. Big pearl buttons trimmed the front. There were enormous white sleeves and a flat white hat trimmed with blue and black feathers.

At this morning's concert, at the Casino



At the Last Hop.

same ribbon made a drape upon the shoulders and formed the stock collar. There were fashion sleeves to the elbows, with long, semi-colored gloves to meet them. The hat was a black lace toque trimmed with cornflowers.

Mrs. Henry Cleve wore a dark green silk dress figured in black and pale green. The skirt was the fullest I have seen this summer, ten yards in circumference at least. It hung of an even length all around and was untrimmed. The bodice opened in front upon a chemise of white chiffon, embroidered with green lines and frilled. Narrow flat revers at the sides were held by a bow of mother-of-pearl buttons. A length of chiffon tied in a great fluff bow at the throat in front, and the waist knot was green satin ribbon. When Mrs. Cleve entered her carriage she spread a green and black chiffon parasol.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs wore a quiet but noticeable toilet of pink and white silk with white guipure. The skirt was laid in deep folds at the back, but was flat in front, as is the summer fashion. Narrow guipure bands were inside, with rosettes of black ribbon to give them a little life and distinction. The bodice was a close-fitting affair of silk, but was covered to the level of the shoulders by what was practically a low-cut guipure blouse, bagging over as little at the waist over a black ribbon belt. The sleeves, instead of being high upon the shoulders, followed the other fashion that is struggling for existence, and were placed into ribbon pockets, the greatest fullness coming just above the elbow. A small black lace bonnet was trimmed with a pink rose.

The women who fell in the low-hung English carriage at Bellevue avenue at the driving hour are very clever. When two are together they choose their frocks for brilliancy of contrast. This afternoon they whirled by in a vision of white and blue. A blonde girl was all in white black muslin, ruffled to the waist. Her picture hat was shirred muslin, her parasol was muslin. Her gloves and ties were



Two Casino Toilets.

white. In her lap she fondled a white fluffy dog. Beside her sat another blonde in cornflower blue crepon. A deep slanted collar of white silk relieved at the throat the somewhat severe outlines, and narrow bands of white embroidery were arranged up and down the princess front. Her white chip hat was set about with a black heavy wreath of cornflowers.

Two other women who rode together were dressed, one in white and one in scarlet. That the effect was intended was evident from the fact that the little basket for carriage conveniences, which is hung at

velvet bands. Black velvet rosettes caught the elbow sleeves, and the fluted skirt was so full as to hang at the bottom in ripples.

Fique dressed are seen everywhere and on all sorts of occasions. They are white, blue, red, green and figured. In cut they are rather severe, but look cool and durable. Sprigged cambric is another favorite material.

White cycling suits are a novelty. The material is usually alpaca. Miss Elsie Cleve has one in gray alpaca with red belt and white shoes laced with red.

With it she wears a white flat hat trimmed with roses.

Newport is not the place to see daring bathing costumes, but there are some very pretty ones. One that I noted this morning was of green alpaca crepon round and round with white bands. Under the short skirt were knickerbockers of the same material. The belt was white, the stockings and strapped shoes black.

ELLEN OSBORN.

PACKING EGGS AND BUTTER.

A Clever Way For an Economical Housewife to Save Money.

From July to September is usually the time when butter and eggs are packed for winter use, as both commodities are cheaper at this time, the former at about 20 cents a pound and the latter 15 cents a dozen, compared to 40 and 36 cents, prices that prevail during the autumn and winter.

Butter, if properly put away, will keep a long, long time. The principal outlook is for quality and method of working. The most successful butter-packers give three rules to be followed—roll out all butter; use rock salt put up in air-tight receptacles, and keep in a cool place.

Heavy stone butter jars are the best. After all the butter has been worked out, rock salt, a tablespoon to a pound, should be worked in thoroughly. Rock salt does not contain an much line as common salt. It should then be packed closely in the jar, and covered with a thin cloth, and layer of salt over that. Generally, the pot is then sunk in a hole in the cellar floor, leaving only a couple of inches in view, and tops covered with a weighted board.

If the butter is packed by the purchaser, then no more salt should be added. A regular butter man will, if asked, use rock salt in place of common. When the butter is from different makers, it should not be mixed.

Wrap each lot in a cloth and put a layer of salt between.

This method makes the sweetest butter, but many cling to the salt-peter, a custom followed largely, it is said, in New York State. This calls for a mixture of one quart; white sugar, one-half ounce; salt-peter, one-half ounce. Pulverize them together. Work the butter free of milk, then work in one ounce of this mixture to a pound. It is then packed in brine strong enough to bear an egg, adding a quarter of a pound of white sugar to three gallons.

Twenty to twenty-five pounds is the usual amount packed for an average-sized family, and will last five or six months. The cost should not be at the most over \$5, the same amount costing twice as much in winter. A good butter-maker will sometimes take all the trouble on himself for a customer, who saves much worry and vexation of spirit.

Eggs are easily handled. Two ways are in use, water and dry packing. The former may affect the taste of the eggs so that it cannot be used for eating, but for cakes and puddings they are equal to fresh. They will keep, too, some years, being used at sea.

Stove crocks are the most convenient. Make a brine of a pint of fresh slacked lime, a good handful of salt and three gallons of water. Have perfectly fresh eggs, without the slightest crack in their shells, and cover with this brine. Put a bit of board over the top to keep them under water, and if a little salt and lime is kept on it, the brine will be as strong at the top as at the bottom. It is curious to note that in 1791, one Jaynes, of Sheffield, Yorkshire, secured a patent on a process from which the custom of lime water preservation undoubtedly arose.

Dry packing has many advocates. It consists simply of packing fresh eggs in salt, putting the broad end downward, and seeing that the eggs do not touch each other. Bran and sawdust are also used. The eggs should be covered with oil, and the whole set away in a cool, dark place.

Before packing in this way, some smear the shells with butter or lard. A chicken fancier who shipped eggs to England before the days of cold storage varnished the shells. Gun shellac was dissolved in sufficient alcohol to make a thin varnish, which was painted on the shells. When dry, they were packed in bran, so that they neither touched nor could move about. When wanted for use the varnish was washed off, and the eggs said to be equal to fresh.

Preserved eggs do not bring as good a price in the winter as fresh, of course, but many grocers paint their off as new-laid articles. When care is taken there is really little difference, and none whatever where they are used for cooking.

KENNET WOOD.

BABY'S BATH MADE EASY.

A Clever Contrivance for Saving a Mother's Back.

(Written for The Times.)

Purchase a kitchen table at any of the shops where they deal in household goods. These tables may be found in three sizes, ranging in price from 50 to 75 cents. They are well-made pine tables, fitted with substantial legs and a spacious drawer.

The second size should be chosen for our purpose.

A carpenter will readily saw off the legs to a height of twelve inches, for the table is to serve as a platform to elevate the bath tub, when placed upon its top, to just an easy, comfortable height for the mother, when she is seated, to manipulate the baby without stooping, lifting, or strain.

The carpenter may also construct partitions inside of the drawer. There should be a larger center space for wash racks, while the side spaces may be subdivided into several compartments. These may contain powder boxes and bags, babies' soft hair brush, spoons, little wooden sticks with a tiny roll of absorbent cotton, for the delicate care of ears and nose, hygienic soaps, cold cream, and other necessities used in babies' toilet. These spaces provided and the table cut down to the proper height, and the whole is in readiness to receive the embellishment of paint. A coat of ordinary white paint should be applied first, followed by one of English enamel. This last will bear many washings off and much wear without showing defacement.

White porcelain rollers may be easily adjusted beneath the four legs, and the little platform is ready for service. The bath tub placed upon its top will leave a space of eight inches or more all around, where may be set soap-dish, powder box and all the needed, close at hand, which is an item of immense importance to mother or nurse, for the experienced know that baby's bath is a process of emergencies. An available and useful accessory to this platform is a little combination screen and towel rack.

A small wooden clothes-horse, also to be purchased for a half dollar in the house-furnishing depot, painted after the directions given above, forms the framework. Each panel should be fitted with a fresh dainty dainty curtain, made adjustable with tapes, when the bath is not infrequently have recourse to the laundry.

This quaint little screen will serve to protect the bath from draughts, and its lower rungs will be found a useful towel rack, and may also hold baby's fresh clothes in readiness for the immediate dressing that is to follow the bath.

Every well-ordered layette should count at least four bath robes, simply large squares of the softest Turkish toweling, bound about the edges with tapes.

One of these should be placed upon a rung of the screen along with the towels at each bath, right to hand, where the mother or nurse may secure it and dextrously spread it upon her lap at the critical moment when baby is lifted all quivering and dripping from the water. The robe will be found to absorb the water and yet protect the clothing of the mother or attendant.

A simple size will afford convenient corners to turn up over the child as its little body is dried, protecting the tender flesh from all undue exposure and cold.

FLORENCE WYNN ELLIS.

Narrow Escape.

"Father," said Johnny Ironside, "how big a fish did you ever catch?"

"I caught a catfish once, Johnny," replied Deacon Ironsides, "that weighed—"

Tuegood manstoppeth, looked fixedly at his youngest son and returned in an altered tone:

"John, this is Sunday."—Youngst'wn, O., Vindicator.

Some Styles for September

TIME TO THINK OF THE FIRST COOL DAYS.

Smart Clothes for Those Who Linger Late at Shore or Mountain.

New York, Aug. 3.—Autumn and winter modes are as yet blessings of the future, but some very stunning mid-season styles are to be seen for mountain and seashore wear.

These, as far as textures and general shapes, are concerned, show no appreciable divergence from the styles of the spring; but skirts are much less stiffened, it is remarked, and though fitting more closely about the hips, in some cases, indeed, as snugly as a yoke, they are as plain as ever.

The 1850 sleeve, which is an accompaniment of a very long shoulder seam and a drooping puff that hangs low on the arm is more and more used for evening gowns. With street costumes, too, there seems a growing tendency toward the lengthening of shoulder seams, but the same familiar mutton legs of the winter are with us, and the only change is that they fit more closely about the forearm, and are rarely, if ever, stiffened.

Crimoline, it is hinted, is to go, but who can tell?

"Call no man happy until he is dead," the saying runs. And so, though anything and everything is possible—even the suppression of crimoline—nothing can be said truthfully of a season's fashion until it is over.

However, some very charming suggestions for autumn are cropping up in late summer clothes, and among others is noticed a growing fondness for color.

Plain silks in brilliant hues, red, and black, and orange and brown form bodices



Brown Cloth Suit and Blue and Gray Cheviot Cape.

and vests of somber molars, and sailor hats, which with other-brimmed chapquees, are now being much turned up at the back. Literally burn with color. Flowers of many hues will be massed in bands in front.

NEW POISE OF THE HAT.

The hat is put on straight and then tilted sharply forward until the flowery brim slants like the thatch of one of those wonderful roof-pitched cottages sometimes seen in England.

The effect is very pretty. As a rule it is vastly becoming, for under the blossoming edge dove eyes grow more dove-like and flashing ones shine out with added brilliancy and comeliness. Sometimes the color will be made by scarlet wings or white red birds, which, with wings outspread, will be poised on the hat like a slim-tailed swallow in flight.

THE "MENDICANT."

Again, certain low-crowned, narrow-brimmed sailors, especially those shown by English men milliners, which have trimmings of fruit that are startlingly natural. One sailor in this shape recently seen, owned, together with mixed nuts, a bunch of raisins, a brilliant love-apple, a tiny mandarin, and a green, opal-tinged lime Claude glass. The sole other trimmings to the hat, which was of rough red and brown straw, was a wide bias of coarse



Brown Whip-Cord.

white hunting that swathed the crown loosely, the fruits being heaped at the left. Taken collectively these fruit hat trimmings are dubbed by milliners "mendicants." Leggers. And though an American woman is said to have had the distinction of having the first trimmed of this sort at the last grand Prix, they got the name from little daisies of mixed nuts and raisins that are served in cheap French restaurants under this ingenious title.

A CAPE AND GOWN.

And now to change the subject from hats to gowns. Among the mid-season things mentioned, four costumes and a cape for chilly days, all of which are here pictured, were noticeable for their extreme good looks and usefulness.

The stunnerest gown of the lot has a brown mixed cheviot woven with black and an occasional "pois" of scarlet. It is shown in the cut, which represents the

bodice with long shoulder seams and three straps, which are of plain scarlet hunter's cloth over cream batiste. The straps end in little peplum tails below the belt, and at the back and bust they are loosened to allow a bias scarf of black satin to pass under all around the shoulders, forming a complete yoke effect and holding the sleeves down at the top in approved 1850 fashion. The sleeves alone of the bodice match the skirt in texture, and the hat is black rough straw, with scarlet birds.



Red and Brown Cheviot.

This toilet, it may be interesting to know, was worn a chilly afternoon last week at Newport by one of New York's smartest women.

OF LIGHT, WARM WOOL.

At Long Branch two mornings later a pretty, russet-haired girl was made adorable and comfortable in a gown of blue and black honeycomb wool, fashioned exactly like the frocks one sees on little girls. The side gorse of the skirt, which was moderately wide, and slightly stiffened at the bottom, lapped so far over the front that this became scarcely more than a narrow panel; sev-



Brown Cloth Suit and Blue and Gray Cheviot Cape.

eral rows of stitching over them gave almost the effect of band, but the major part of the little girl look came in with the jacket, which with the fronts in one piece and buttoned back in revers, was exactly like a child's coat. The buttons were very large and of black bone, and black silk covered the revers to within an inch of the edge, where the honeycomb cloth was left to form a border.

The blouse worn under the coat was of silk pongee, ink black likewise, curious to say, but doubly fetching to the russet-haired girl's milk-white skin. It was simply gathered in the waist and worn with a loose ash belt of the same material.

TO WEAR ON THE BEACH.

Another neat and useful frock for seashore wear that seemed almost to have taken a hint from childish togery, was of dark blue English seersucker, with a great sailor collar and big turnback cuffs, covered with navy blue milk-white skin. It was of red, black and beige.

But alas! the girl who wore this gown would not stand still long enough to be sketched.

Brown novelty wool, roughly tufted and showing an under-thread of orange, composes the toilet, with the cape, which has lately been designed for dressy mountain wear. The bodice is laid in three pleats



Honeycomb Wool.

over strips of orange satin covered with cream batiste, and the cape lining is plain silk in beautiful yellows and browns. The high soldier-looking collar, cuffs and belt are made of the gown stuff lined with linen canvas and heavily stitched; and at the cuff the sleeve buttons over, which, by the way, is a very comfortable arrangement for sleeves that are intended to fit snugly at this point.

The remaining toilet is only brown whipcord with only close stitching as decoration, and the cape is of cheviot cheviot, in blue and white, with a silk lining in a deep luscious blue.

The hat of the brown toilet is a brown rough straw sailor, in what is known among English tailors as a three-by-three shape. The Alpines are of the same texture as the garments with which they are pictured.

Gold-Thimble Needle-Women

SEWING FAD AMONG RICH WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

Fair Hands That Can Sign Big Checks Are Adept at Embroidery.

If Queen Victoria has made domestic virtues a fad, there are several very beautiful and very prominent ladies who have made the thimble fashionable. Needlework, instead of being left to seamstresses, is done by the mistresses, and in place of calling the needle and pincushin, it is placed with artistic implication. The beauty and the crocheted edge are banished for the snowy seam and the delicate flax.

Every country house has its sewing corner, and every city home has a window planned and made beautiful by the needle-trappings of war.

In some of these pretty sewing corners really great things are being accomplished, as they were in the days when Betty Ross was proud to make the flag for Washington and when Marie Antoinette boasted of having made trousers for the emperor. Industry now may take a more modern phase, but its results are as remarkable.

In a lovely country house up the Hudson there may be seen any morning now the suggest group in the loveliest sewing corner ever conceived by man with woman to assist him. It lies to the seaward of the summer home of John D. Rockefeller, and here each morning sits his daughter, Miss Edith, sewing upon and planning her

trousseau. Hard by lingers her handsome fiancé, Harold McCormack, while over books and dress drawings Miss Edith and Mrs. Rockefeller, mother and sister, of Miss Edith, pore for new ideas for the trousseau which will reflect to their credit as much as to the girl most interested.

MISS ROCKEFELLER'S "CORNER."

The sewing corner is a long, low veranda. There is a shelf running all around the windows, upon which morning callers may sit, and where work is piled up in lavish profusion. A workbasket, flanked by a vase here, and along the entire veranda there are Holland shades for shutting out the sun. In a small workbasket is a gold thimble, initialed and dated with the beginning of the trousseau work, and there is a scissors with silver handles, and an emery bag, which is a silk strawberry, with silver calyx, and also a small spoon-ladle of silver.

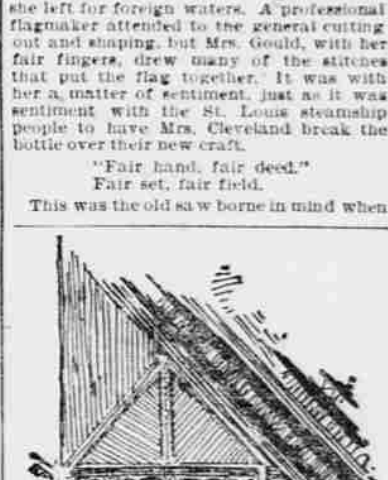
Enjoying this ideal morning spot are the great hobbes and the pet kittens, while above, in harmony with all, sings a canary bird.

It must be confessed that not always is the sewing corner devoted to domestic work, as its name suggests. The spirit of athletics enters there at times, and then the sewing corner is an object of interest to the men of the family and to the rest of the world. In the Lakewood cottage of George Gould there is a very beautiful sunny window situated in a wing of the house, and here it was that the colors were made for the Vigilant before she left for foreign waters. A professional flagmaker attended to the general cutting out and shaping, but Mrs. Gould, with her fair fingers, drew many of the stitches that put the flag together. It was with her a matter of settlement, just as it was with the St. Louis steamship people to have Mrs. Cleveland break the bottle over their new craft.

"Fair hand, fair deed."

Fair hand, fair deed.

This was the old war borne in mind when



Brown Cloth Suit and Blue and Gray Cheviot Cape.

At this bed canopy Miss Consoletto works mornings, having always a new one in mind for next season. Her mother toys idly with the thread, flanking her with a diamond upon a side of her glittering thimble, but it is a piece of table covering she is handling—nothing useless. It is said that the wonderful drawers made by her are a feature of Mrs. William C. Oliver's dinner, which is served at the house of her son, a young man who is now being arranged.

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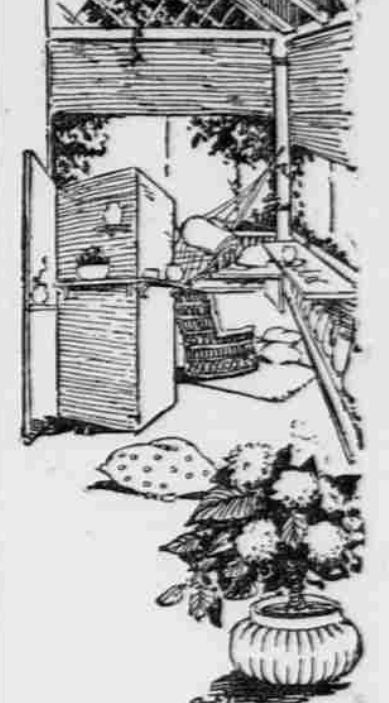
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place, could tell its story, it would reveal a secret of much interest to women who are forced to do a little home sewing in order to have all the numerous cutting dresses of the summer which they crave.

Beechwood Inn has one bay window, which from the outside looks to be a branch of a conservatory, but inside it is lined



Miss Rockefeller's Sewing Corner.

with several small pockets for thread, and it hangs with ribbons of different lengths for scissors, emeries, yardsticks, and small bags of thread and buttons of every description. It is in this window that young Mrs. Astor does her sewing. And she sews, not fancy work, but gowns, real gowns. Not that her ball dresses are made by herself, but many an outing dress gets its finishing touches here.

She shortens her skirts so that the golf caddy will not step on them and she also puts a bow upon the caddy's jacket when she is out. This is a view of Miss Consoletto in any particular color for the day. Such things as baseballs have been carried to this corner for a few long, safe stitches, and Mr. Astor, in his kindling experiments, always asks his wife to stitch the tough thin kite material. Here is a woman who might easily be a seamstress and who would bring much credit to her profession, she learned her sewing tricks at a convent which she attended abroad.

Those who have the good fortune to penetrate beyond the gates of Marble Palace, Mrs. William C. Vanderbilt's Newport house, and can get back of the palace are at once fascinated with the pretties that in the world. This is a view of Miss Consoletto seated outside a large doorway which is fitted up as a sewing corner. There is a big awning, and underneath is a steamer chair made up with cushions and flanked with work baskets. One is evidently full of supplies, thread, needles, and the other is a sewing machine, with a steamer chair made up with cushions and flanked with work baskets. One is evidently full of supplies, thread, needles, and the other is a sewing machine, with a steamer chair made up with cushions and flanked with work baskets.